Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe grant,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deareſt Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vniuſtly too, muſt grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come *Haſtings*, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*,

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit o
How that the guilty kindr
Lookt pale when they did
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill
God will reuenge it. But
To comfort *Edward* with
Enter Dutches of Yor
Boy. Tell me good Gra
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wrin
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my
Girle. Why doe you loo
And call vs wretched, O
If that our noble Father be
Dut. My pritty Coſens
I do lament the ſickneſſe
As loth to looſe him now
It were loſt labour to wee
Boy. Then Granam you
The King my vncle is too
God will reuenge it, who
With dayly prayers all t
Dut. Peace Children pe
Incapable and ſhallow ino
You cannot geſſe who cau
Boy. Granam, we can
Told me, the King prou
Deuis'd impeachments to
And when he told me ſo
And hugd me in his armes
And bad me relie on him a
And he would loue me de
Dut. Oh that deceit ſho
And with a vertuous vizar
He is my ſonne yea and th
Yet from my dugs he drew
Boy. Thinke you my V
Dut. I Boy:
Boy. I cannot thinke it,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.62